The Weekly Museum.

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ROSAMOND.

[Continued from our last.]

ROSAMOND was going to reply, when her cousin broke in upon them. "You are a monstrous pretty fellow, truly, De Courcy!" said she, "never to have said a civil thing to me all this evening, and after a three week's absence too. I shall call Rosamond to an account for this presently: I see how things go on. But no matter: take your trumpery heart back again—I will find out another lover."

Miss De la Pole felt herself turning pale. De Courcy would have spoke—"My fair Georgina!"—"None of your fair Georgina's to me, Sir!" said she, affecting anger: "I see who you think fairer; and I have done with you, and wash my hands of you for ever. By the way, my dear," added she, lowering her voice, turning to her cousin, "this creature and I are intended to be man and wife, some time or other; but I hate him; and, God be thanked, he hates me; and so we have agreed, whatever our fathers may intend, it shall never be a match. This quarrel is a mere matter of form to carry on the farce; but, mum! this is a great secret." De Courcy smiled; and Rosamond, who could not believe her cousin could be thus indifferent, felt a dejection stealing over her features.

Supper was now appearing, and they took their seats. "I will go home with you to-night," said Georgina, in a low voice, "share your bed, and tell my tale." Rosamond thanked her; and the conversation became general.

The company separated at a late hour; and Georgina, faithful to her promise, accompanied her cousin home. When they retired to the apartment of the latter, the lively girl began her narrative in a rambling *outre* stile; which, after three quarters of an hour had been spent, came only to this point, that she was designed for the elegant Zephyrus, and that they had sworn together never to be united. "Actually, my dear!" added she, "I have pretended to be in love with a million other men, to see if it would have any effect on my father; but he is as obstinate as a mule, and would not quit his first determination: but, in fact, I am as perverse, for I would have married any one but De Courcy, just because he was designed for me, although the wretch is handsome enough. Half the town is dying for him, and he has a commission in the guards."—"And can you refuse him? asked Rosamond. "Can I? Oh! that I can; and I will too, I am resolved. But come, do you mean to go to bed? This is a good comfortable place," rejoined she after casting her eyes over the apartment. "I like it much; indeed, so much, Rosa that I shall take up my residence here for at least a month. What say you?"—"That you are very kind, and that you will be doing me a charity." Georgina said, "Be it so, then." And rang the bell for the maid to undress her.

Miss De la Pole was in a profound reverie; and saw nothing, till she felt the hand of her cousin on her neck, and heard her cry—"In the name of the most puissant Love! who have you been thinking of?"

Rosamond rose hastily—"Who have I been thinking of?" repeated she, and not daring to answer her own question, blushed, and was silent. "I am glad, child," said her gay relative, slyly, "that you have not impudence enough to say you don't know. But come, what fellow was it? I can see you have been thinking of one by your eyes."—"Indeed, I have not," replied our heroine, blushing still deeper, and looking down instinctively as she spoke; "I was only wondering how you could refuse Mr. De Courcy."—"Excellent! exclaimed her cousin; "don't say another word: I foresee here an end to all my trouble. I shall tell De Courcy he won't be rejected by you; and then he may have one of the family, to comfort him for the loss of the other."—"What do you mean, Georgina?"—"Nothing! nothing! I won't be spoke to! I won't be contradicted! I fly, the moment you say another word. You had better not put me out of humor, as I shall not recover my temper for a month to come, and that is as long as I mean to stay with you."

Rosamond, agitated with the new emotion she felt, was on the point of bursting into tears; but, that it might not be discovered, she hid her face in her hands, and permitted a few drops to fall silently on her cheek. "That's my good girl!" cried Georgina, cunningly, as she passed her to step into bed: "just as I would wish it; I would wager you twenty kisses, if they were worth the bet, that De Courcy has his male Georgina to teaze him: I see how it went on."—"Nay, cousin——" "Hush! not a word: I am gone." Rosamond could not speak; and, wearied with trying to prove a falsehood, she was silent, and followed her lively ladyship to repose.

The next morning, as the two ladies were in the breakfast parlour, a servant announced De Courcy; Georgina cast a sly look at our heroine, and rose to receive him. If he appeared lovely the night before, he was a thousand times more so now. Rosamond blushed to his compliments, and was visibly embarrassed. Lady Georgina took both his hands; and, sportively eying him from head to foot—"Hum!" cried she; "you certainly are a handsome wretch, and become scarlet amazingly! When *I* have you, you shall always wear it." De Courcy smiled—"When *you* will have *me*," returned he, "I will."—"And don't you think I will, Sir?" asked her ladyship, in a serious tone. "To be sure, will I! My father commands me; my heart has taken a turn round in your favor; and so my hand is yours, the moment you ask for it." De Courcy turned pale—"I thought, Madam—I thought—I am surprized——" He stopt for want of breath. "And what do you think, Sir? And what surprizes you?"—"This sudden change of sentiment—I really—I must wish you good morning." He took his hat: Georgina could contain no longer, but burst into a peal of immoderate laughter. "Poor wretch! how aghast you look! But come, take courage! I am as constant as ever—in my determination of not having you, because—I am engaged elsewhere." The conversation took a lively turn; and Rosamond and De Courcy were more gay than usual, though none but Georgina knew the true reason of it.

From that day the elegant soldier was never absent from the house of Sir William; who thought he was paying those attentions to his neice, which indeed were addressed to his daughter. It was in vain for so ingenuous a mind as Miss De la Pole's long to attempt concealment to an affectionate girl who resided with her. Wearied with the effort, she confessed to the arch Georgina, that she tenderly admired the soft graces of the young De Courcy. Her ladyship was his confident, too; and gave him so many hopes, that he at last resolved to cast himself at the feet of his divinity.

The ingenious Lady Georgina, who was deeply interested in his success, easily made him an opportunity. Having drawn her unsuspecting cousin into the garden, about the time at which she knew De Courcy would be coming off guard, to them she propoled gathering some flowers that yet remained in the late month of November. Rosamond was stooping to pluck some stocks, when Georgina caught a glimpse of the feather in the hat of the young officer, as he was turning down a shady walk of tall trees towards them, "I will leave you for a moment, Rosamond," said she: "I am only going for a basket for the stocks." And without waiting for an answer, darted away; nodded significantly to the panting Zephyrus whose heart beat with expectation; and was out of sight.

Rosamond, as she rose from the ground, saw the form of him she loved approaching her with precipitation, and apparent delight. Agitated at she knew not what, she could only answer his enquiries by a blush, as he approached her. A few general subjects being discussed, and conversation concluded, Rosamond looked several times behind her for her loitering cousin; but her eye only darted through a long vista of trees, where nothing human was discernible. Uneasy at the silence of her companion, she asked him if he was fond of flowers. "Passionately," said he. "I have just been gathering these; and, if you consider the lateness of the season, you will not despise my present; will you accept them?" She held them out towards him; he caught the hand from which he took them; and, hastily pressing it to his lips—"O! Miss de la Pole," cried he, as he saw she eyed him with amaze, "pardon this action! Pardon the abruptness of the declaration I am now making! Oh! you must have seen I live only for you—I love you above all that is dear to me! That superior loveliness of mind and form has given birth, at the same time, to despair, and to the madness that prompts me to tell you I *love* you!" While he spoke, his eyes blazed with all the electrick fire of passion and animation: but now he all at once stopt; *and, flinging himself at her feet, pressed her hand to his burning lip, gazing at her with an eye full of dangerous softness and persuasion.* Rosamond's

with a palpitating heart, was for a time speechless: but soon the tore her hand from his; and, clasping it with the other, with a burst of tears exclaimed—"O! Sir, I am destined for another."—"For another!" echoed her lover faintly, and pale with agony. "Good God!—But tell me that you pity me! tell me you will sometimes think on me, who will live only to think on you!" His voice shook as he spoke, and a tear swam over the lustre of his eye. Rosamond felt her heart wrung with new torture; her tears flowed as she spoke. "Be happy, Sir! be happy!" sobbed she, in accents scarcely audible, "or I shall be wretched! If *you* are but blessed with peace, *I* can bear every misery!"—"And do you feel thus for me!" asked De Courcy, while rapture flushed his late pallid cheek. "O! dare I hope?"—"Hope every thing!" said a voice from behind. The officer started up: Rosamond turned round with perturbation, and perceived her mischievous cousin advancing from a cluster of shrubbery towards them. "I'll tell you what, George," cried she, "Rosamond loves you, and her father loves her too well to oppose her inclinations; and, if he won't relent, the road to Gretna Green is open for you; and if you are put to a nonplus for want of a charioteer, I am at your service at any time."

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE YOUNG FLY AND THE OLD SPIDER.

A FABLE.

"In this original and beautiful Fable, the POET alludeth to the arts of Men, who by flattery, &c. are constantly laying snares for Innocence. The BARD moreover sheweth, that Prudence may smile at the machinations of a great rogue."

FRESH was the breath of morn—the busy breeze
As Poets tell us, whisper'd thro' the trees,
And swept the dew-clad blooms with wing so light;
Phœbus got up, and made a blazing fire,
That gilded ev'ry country house and spire,
And, smiling, put on his best looks so bright.

On this fair morn, a Spider, who had set,
To catch a breakfast, his old waving net,
With curious art, upon a spangled thorn;
At length, with gravely-squinting longing eye,
Near him espied a pretty plump young Fly,
Humming her little orisons to morn.

"Good morrow, dear Miss Fly!" quoth gallant Grim.
"Good morrow, Sir!" replied Miss Fly to him.
"Walk in, Miss, pray, and see what I'm about."—
"I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir," Miss Fly rejoin'd;
"My eyes are both so very good, I find,
That I can plainly see the whole *without!*"
"Fine weather, Miss!"—"Yes, very, very fine,"
Quoth Miss—"prodigious fine, indeed!"—
"But why so coy?" quoth Grim, "that you decline
To put within my bow'r your pretty head?"
"'Tis simply this,"
Quoth cautious Miss;
"I fear you'd like my *pretty head* so *well*,
You'd keep it for yourself, Sir—who can tell?"

"Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my dear,
And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain,"—
"I've a sore finger, Sir; nay more, I fear,
You really would not let it go again."

"Poh, poh, child, pray dismiss your idle dread;
I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head—
Well, then, with one kind kiss of *friendship* meet me.'
"La, Sir," quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue,
"I fear our *salutation* would be *long*;
So *loving*, too, I fear that you would *eat me*."

So saying, with a smile she left the rogue,
To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

A PICTURE OF SUICIDE,

SKETCHED IN NOVEMBER.

BY MR. HARRISON.

AH! see beneath yon abbey-wall,
Where thick the mantling ivy grows,
With wide yew crown'd, and cypress tall,
Which shade the stream that murm'ring flows.

There, prone on the bare, joyless bank,
A sullen Spectre listless lie;
Nor heeds bleak winds, or vapours dank,
But earth, and air, and Heav'n, defies.

In tatter'd garb the Fiend appears,
With felon cordage firmly bound;
And, in the bandage vile, he wears
Pistols and sheathless blades hung round.

One wither'd hand a cup sustains,
Drugg'd to the brim with liquid fire;
Which spreads, like lightning, thro' the veins,
And instant makes the wretch expire—

The other grasps, beneath his vest,
A dagger of envenom'd steel;
Whose slightest stroke may pierce the breast,
Whose slightest wound no art can heal.

Around his blood-stain'd eye-balls glare,
Each wildly bent to quit it's sphere;
Nor will the ardent orbits bear
The moisture of a single tear!

Now, upward would the monster scowl,
But that each dark, dishevell'd brow,
Still spreading as the loud winds howl,
Connines the impious sight below.

O shield me, Heav'n! what means that light,
Which pours such radience o'er the stream?
It is RELIGION's banner bright;
The Fiend is vanish'd—like a dream!

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE.

GENERAL O——, a British officer, led so dissipated a life, that he often drank Tokey of a guinea a bottle, even when alone: upon which his lady would often say, "My dear General, whatever you do for the honor of the crown, and in compliment of state days, do not drink such expensive wine when by yourself: for what must your poor children do?" "Oh!" says the General, "I am easy as to that, let them smell at the corks."

It being necessary, some time after, to tap him for the dropsy, he went through the operation like a soldier; but, asking what the surgeons had found, and they replying *water*; he said, "how can that be? I never drank a drop of water in all my life. But how long will it be before I must be tapped again?" on being answered six months, he replied, "It is impossible; no vessel in my house ever held above six weeks."

In short, his life was so profligate, that his lady, at last, saying, "Why, General, you will not have a shilling to bury you;" he answered, "Oh I will stink them into good manners."

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS the subscribed, through a pernicious habit of drinking for many years, has greatly hurt himself in purse and person, and rendered himself odious to all his acquaintance; finding there is no possibility of breaking off from the said practice, but through impossibility to find the liquor, he therefore earnestly begs and prays, that in future no person will sell him either for money or on trust, any sort of spiritous liquors, as he will not in future pay it, but will prosecute any one for an action of damage against the temporal and eternal interest of the public's humble, serious, and sober servant,

Nassau, June 21, 1795. JAMES CHALMERS.

On the SUBLIME *and* BEAUTIFUL *of* SCRIPTURE.

STORY OF ABRAHAM AND LOT.

Passage. *And there was a Strife between Abraham's Herdmen and Lot's Herdmen.*

DOMESTIC altercations began to perplex families in the very childhood of time; the blood of a brother was shed, even before the affinity became known. But with how much tenderness and good sense doth Abraham here prevent the disagreement which had well nigh arisen, as is but too commonly the case, from the quarrel of two servants. The heart is easily affected by circumstances in private life, and the conduct of Abraham is, in many points, so admirable, that the transactions of this single patriarch are of sufficient consequence to furnish a very volumnious, as well as a very captivating commentary. He said unto Lot, I pray thee let there be no strife betwixt me and thee, nor between my herdmen and thine. Why? For the tenderest reason in the world: because, we are brethren. The very image of the patriarch in the attitude of entreaty, the fraternal tear just starting from his eye, is this moment before me: and thus, methinks, I catch instruction (as he addresses Lot) from the lip of the venerable man. Away, my dear brother, away with strife; we were born to be the servants of God, and the companions of each other: the twin breasts of our mother are not so closly united as thou and I: as we sprang from the same parent, so we naturally partake the same affections. We are brethren, sons of the same father: we are friends, for surely kindredship should be the most exalted friendship:—let not *us* then disagree, because our *herdmen* have disagreed, since that were to encourage every idle pique, and senseless animosity. Great, indeed, hath been our success since our migration into this fair country: we have much substance, and much cattle. But what of that? Shall brothers quarrel, because it hat pleased Heaven to prosper them—Oh ingrateful! Oh impious!—But if, notwithstanding these persuasives, thy spirit is still troubled, let us *separate*: rather than *contend* with a brother—hard as it is, I could even *part* with him for a time—haply, the occasion of dispute (which *I* have already forgotten) shall soon be no more remembered by *thee*. Is not the whole land before thee? Take then my blessing and my embrace, and separate thyself from me: To thee is submitted the advantages of choice: if thou wilt take the left hand, then, that I may not appear to thwart thee unbrotherly, I will take the right: or if thou art more inclined to the country which lieth upon the right, then will I go to the left. Be it as thou wilt, and *whithersoever* thou goest, *happy* mayest thou be.

Lot listened to his brother, and departed. He cast his eyes on the well-watered plains of Jordon. There seems a degree of avaricious insensibility in his character; and when he separated, it appears to have been with the hope of increasing his wealth; while Abraham, no doubt, often pressed his brother's hand, and often bade him adieu, and even *followed* him to repeat the farewishes, ere he could suffer him to depart.

MAXIMS.

A Man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend think yourself happy. When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavour to be always such. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

No man hath a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.

SATURDAY, *December* 5, 1795.

TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION.

ON Thurſday morning laſt, about 8 o'clock, a Fire broke out in a cabinet work-ſhop, being the back building of a houſe belonging to Charles Gardner, No. 48, Fair-ſtreet, oppoſite the North Church, occupied by John Gilmore, cabinet maker, whoſe loſs is very conſiderable. From hence it communicated to the adjoining buildings, each way, with ſuch unrelenting fury, that it was not in the power of our ſkilful and indefatigable firemen to ſtop its rage until EIGHT houſes were entirely deſtroyed, and three others very much damaged, viz.

At the corner of William and Fair-ſtreets, John Richardſon, tenant; belonging to the widow White —Next door, Jacob Hart, ſhopkeeper, tenant; alſo property of Mrs White.—Next door, George Robinſon, Printer and Bookſeller, tenant; property of Michael Price—greateſt part of the property deſtroyed.—Next door, widow Wright, boarding-houſe; in which alſo lived Archibald and Alexander Robertſon, miniature painters and limners, and a French taylor, tenants; alſo property of M. Price.—Next door, another tenement, alſo property of M. Price, occupied by ———, and a ſchool miſtreſs.—Next door, lately finiſhed in a taſty ſtile, property of Benjamin Crookſhank, cabinet and chair maker, occupied by himſelf.—Next door, Benjamin Carr, muſical inſtrument ſeller, alſo property of B. Crookſhank.—Next to Gilmore's, in Fair-ſtreet, Philip Sykes, ſhoe maker, tenant; property of the Moravian Church — In the rear of this, two other houſes, alſo property of the Moravian Church.

The greater loſers in this melancholy accident, are, Mrs. White, Mr. Price, Mr. Crookſhank, and the Moravian Church. The loſs of goods and furniture was alſo great, and cannot be aſcertained at preſent.

It is ſaid, that the fire was occaſioned by the cramming a ſtove full of ſhavings, and leaving it to go to breakfaſt—a circumſtance which ſhould opperate as a warning to all others, who uſe ſtoves in their workſhops.

The firemen and citizens gave freſh proofs of their expertneſs on this occaſion.

HOBSON *verſus* KENNEDY.

On Thurſday was tried in the Mayor's Court, an action brought by Jonathan Hobſon, againſt John Kennedy, for a KICKING; alledged to have been given him by the defendant, at noon day, in one of the public ſtreets of this city.

The plaintiff having completely ſubſtantiated the FACT, the jury brought in a verdict, damages, *ſixty pounds.* [*Daily Gaz.*

The news of the attack made upon Mirbalis, by General Laveaux, has been received at Kingſton, 2d Oct.—The town was defended by an emigrant officer named Bruges. The French General retired after the combat, in which both parties have ſuffered a very ſmall loſs. The retreat of Citizen Laveaux is attributed to his receiving an expreſs from Port-du-Paix, informing him, that ſince his abſence a corps of ten thouſand Brigands had ſurrounded the city with the deſign to render themſelves maſters of it—the inhabitants and the garriſon had made a ſortie upon them and had obliged them to retreat; this affair has been bloody. By accounts it does not appear what theſe Brigands were, neither from whence they came: it is to be preſumed they are refugees from the Mole.

The French privateer Flying Fiſh, of 14 guns and 87 men, has been taken going from Cayes, by the Succeſs, of 74 guns.

The following was found encloſed in a bottle at ſea, and brought to Charleſton, by Captain Lewis, of the ſchooner John.

"HOG-STY KEY, Aug. 15, 1793."

This is to inform any poor unfortunate ſhip's crew that may be caſt away upon this unfortunate Iſland, that on the eleventh of this month we ſailed from Lancevaux in the ſchooner Flying Fiſh, bound to Charleſton. The 13th at 12 o' clock was run aſhore, and in one hour the veſſel bilged. We got in our boat the next morning, and got ſafe aſhore. We made different trials to get water, but found it in vain. We tried to get to the wreck, but could not, for want of oars; and being ſo weak that one of our people by the name of James Traſey, departed this life. Here we held a council, what was beſt to be done; we concluded to proceed to Acklin's Keys, in our boat, with a ſmall ſail, and 2 paddles. The names of the people we leave behind to put in the papers by whoever reads this letter, and gets ſafe into port.———Thos. Bailey Maſter, Jno. Dunſcombe, Mate, Benj. Parker, Merchant, Stephen Levy, Sailor, Samuel Mexa, Sailor.

N. B. We left two hogs and two goats.

[Proceedings of the Virginia Legiſlature reſpecting the treaty.]

Saturday, Nov. 22.

A motion was made that the houſe do come to the following reſolution:

Reſolved, That the motives which influence the Preſident of the United States to ratify the treaty lately negociated with Great Britain, meet the entire approbation of this houſe; and that the Preſident of the United States for his great abilities, wiſdom and integrity merits and poſſeſſes the unlimited confidence of his country.

And ſaid reſolution being again read, and a motion made to amend the ſame, by ſtriking out from the word reſolved to the end and inſerting in lieu thereof the following words:

That the houſe do entertain the higheſt integrity and patriotiſm of the Preſident of the United States, and that while they approve the voice of the Senators of this ſtate in the Congreſs of the United States relative to the treaty with Great Britain, they in no wiſe mean to define the motive which influenced him in his conduct thereupon.

AUTHENTIC.

Copy of a letter from Samuel Bayard, Eſq. to the Secretary of State, dated

London, Sep. 10, 1795.

Dear Sir,

I have this moment come from Doctor's Commons, and finding the letter bag of the Harmony on the point of being taken from the Coffee Houſe, I avail myſelf of this opportunity to inform you, that the orders for ſending in American and other neutral veſſels, laden with proviſions, have this day been revoked.

I have the honour to be,
With much reſpect and eſteem,
Dear Sir,
Your moſt obedient ſervant,
SAMUEL BAYARD.

The above is a true copy of the original letter on file in the office of the Department of State.

GEO. TAYLOR, jun. Chief Clerk.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 27.

The ſhip Providence, with a cargo valued at 25,000l. from Cork to Jamaica, has been captured and burnt by three French frigates near Madeira—They did not take above fifty pieces of linen out of the whole cargo: Their entire object ſeemed to be, to ſink, burn, and deſtroy all Britiſh veſſels, and ſend neither ſhips nor crews to France.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Saturday evening the 21ſt ult. Mr. FRANCIS HALL, grocer, to Miſs PATTY ANDERSON, both of this city.

On Thurſday evening the 26th ult. by the Rev. Uzil Ogden, WILLIAM MEREDITH, Eſq. of Philadelphia, to Miſs GERTRUDE G. OGDEN, of New-Ark, (N. J.)

A few evenings ſince, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. JAMES DANIEL, to Mrs. ELIZBETH JOYCE, both of this city.

On Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Capt. ANDREW R. MILLER, to Miſs SALLY BYVANCK, both of this city.

On Wedneſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. CHRISTOPHER MYNG, of Long Iſland, to Miſs JANE NICOL, of this city.

To-morrow, the 6th inſt. a Charity Sermon will be preached at St. Paul's Chapel, for the benefit of the Charity School; and a collection raiſed for that purpoſe.

Books and Stationary.

JOHN HARRISSON,
Has juſt received, by the laſt veſſels from Europe in addition to his former aſſortment, and for ſale
At his Book Store & Printing Office No 3, Peck-ſlip
A very valuable Collection of

Books, Stationary, &c.

ALSO
A variety of very elegant

Chriſtmas Pieces,

Holyday and New-Year Preſents, &c.

He has alſo juſt publiſhed and for ſale
DODRIDGE's
Riſe and Progreſs of Religion in the Soul,
A Book too well eſteemed to need Eulogium.

ALSO,
THE
Entertaining Noveliſt:
OR,
NEW POCKET LIBRARY
OF
AGREEABLE ENTERTAINMENT.

PRINTING
In all its branches, performed with Neatneſs, Accuracy and Diſpatch.

JAMES WALKER

HAS removed his DRY GOODSTORE from No. 127, William-ſtreet, to No. 68, MAIDEN-LANE, being the third houſe from the ſouth weſt corner of William-ſtreet, where he hopes for a continuance of the favors of his friends, which it will be his utmoſt ambition to merit.

N. B. Said Walker having a part of his goods removed from his ſtore the time of the late fire, and not knowing where depoſited, will gratefully acknowledge any information that will tend to reſtore him his property. Dec. 5. 98 tf

Court of Apollo.

CHLOE's CHARMS.

YOU may say what you will, but Belinda's too tall,
And Stella's all bone, and her shape is too small,
Dear Chloe's my wish, tho' extensive her charms,
Tho' the front of her stays is too wide for my arms.

'Tis certain Miss FANNY's a sweet little dear,
And Zephyrs bring odours when LUCY is near;
But CHLOE's all sweetness by nature design'd,
We might call her a hogshead of double-refin'd.

When she dances then leaps my fond heart like a frog;
When with rapture I press her, I'm lost in a fog;
I beg for a kiss, while my vows I renew
And imbibe half a pint of ambrosial dew.

She frequently mentions young STREPHON the beau,
But why should I reckon my rival a foe?
If'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me pain;
We both shall find more than our arms will contain.

I've oft over-heard the ill-natur'd expression;
That beauty so bulky must pall in possession;
In his notion the critic is surely misled,
Love's flame by her fat will be constantly fed.

Some nymphs have angelical sweetness and grace,
But CHLOE has rather a cherubim's face:
She's always good humour'd, facetious and free,
And only gives pain when she sits on my knee.

I start not, as timirous fribbles have done,
At the substance of three or four females in one;
First balance her weight with the mint's costly coin,
Then let the dear ponderous charmer be mine.

WHEREAS James Dickson and Elizabeth his wife, have lately died intestate, leaving certain personal estate in the hands of the subscriber: Notice is hereby given to any person or persons who were related to the said James Dickson, to call on the said subscriber and receive the same according to law. Apply to JOHN M'BRIDE, George-street, New-York, or to the subscriber. HAZLETON WALCH,
N. York, Nov. 28. living at Saratoga, State of New-York.

HARDWARE STORE.

THE largest assortment of White Chapel Needles, ever offered for sale in this city, some of which is a very extra good quality, for sale by, JEREMIAH HALLET, and Co. No. 171, Water-street, near Fly Market. Also,

1500 weight of Iron wire; 150 boxes Tin Plate; 1500 weight Sheet Copper; 6 ton of Sheet Lead; 2 ton of Bar Lead; 3 ton of Sheet iron, 1000 pair ofSkates. With other Articles in the Hardware line, &c. &c. 87 tf

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SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, and particularly her friends, that she has removed to No 29 Vanderwater-street, near the corner of Pearl-street, where she will thankfully receive any commands in the line of her business, and flatters herself that she will merit the future custom and approbation of her employers.
Nov. 14, 1795. 85—tf.

The Moralist.

THERE was an Italian Bishop who had struggled through great difficulties, without repining, and who met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal function, without ever betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues, which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate, if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. "Yes, replied the old man, I can teach you my secret, and with great facility; it consists in nothing more than in making a right use of my eyes."—His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly, returned the Bishop: In whatever state I am, I first look up to Heaven, and I remember that my principal business here, is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind, how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who are in all respects, more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or to complain."

CASTELLI.

ITALIAN STAY MAKER, No. 164, Broad-Way, opposite the City Tavern, Returns his sincere thanks to the Ladies of this city, for the great encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favours by due attention, and the strictest punctuality. He continues to make all kinds of stays, Italian shapes, French corset, English stays, silk turn do. suckling do. and riding do. in the most elegant and newest fashions. He has a neat assortment of stays ready made, and ladies may be served in less than ten minutes. He has also received by the last vessels from London, an elegant assortment of goods suitable to his business.

Two or three Stay Makers will meet with good wages and constant employ. Enquire as above.
Nov. 13, 1795. 85—tf

Christopher Bennet, *Tailor,*
No. 4, Peck-slip,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends for their past favors, and hopes for a continuance. He likewise informs the public that he carries on the above business in the neatest and most fashionable manner, and upon the most reasonable terms.——N. B. Gentlemen who wish to be furnished with articles in his line will please to give notice and they will be served.
Also, a fine assortment of very handsome Vest Shapes and Clouded Cassimeres on hand, suitable to the season.
Aug. 8. 78 tf

Abel Holbrook & George F. Dominick,

HAVING commenced the *Comb Making Business* under the firm of *Holbrook & Dominick*, solicit the patronage of their Friends and the Public in general in the above line. They manufacture all kinds of *Horn, Ivory* and *Tortoise Shell Combs*, on the lowest terms, and of the best quality. All orders from country and city executed with punctuality and dispatch. Two good sober Journeymen wanted in the Ivory line. Cash given for Ox and Cow Horns, Ivory and Tortoise Shell.
August 25, 1795. 81---3m.

FOR SALE,

A Good two story frame House, situated in Chatham-street, No. 47, containing six rooms, an excellent cellar kitchen, a good yard with a large cistern in it, and is an excellent stand for a grocer.---Also a two story frame House, No. 6, Augustus-street; has a very large yard and useful improvements: both on Corporation lease ground. For Further particulars enquire on the premises.
August 8, 1795. 78---tf.

An Evening School

WILL be opened by the subscriber, on Monday, the 21st inst. at No. 66, St. James-street, where will be taught, Reading, Writing, (on a plan which will enable the pupil to acquire a knowledge of the art in a very short time) Arithmetic, Accompts, English Grammar, Belles Letters, Geography, Trigonometry, Theory of Navigation and Surveying.
New-York, Sep. 9. NATHANIEL MEAD.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she continues to carry on the STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINARY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which it will be her constant endeavors to deserve.

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices. Feb. 14, 1795.

J. Vanderpool

INFORMS the Public, and his Customers in general, that his business is carried on by him at No. 75, Pearl-street, and no where else. This information is given, as several persons have called at his former shop, opposite the Post Office, and have been served in his name. Sep. 5. tf

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AMERICAN MANUFACTURED
BLACK LEAD POTS,

EQUAL to any imported and cheaper.—BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine. for the purpose of blacking Franklin stoves, and irons with brass heads; planes of various sorts, good glue, brands of copper or cast iron, of any description, screw augers, pots, kettles, griddles, pye-pans, iron tea kettles, wool and cotton cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of
IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.
Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by
GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN.
No. 2, Beekman-slip.

A TEACHER,

THAT is capable of teaching the English Language Gramatically, is well versed in Arithmetic, &c. a single man, and can bring good recommendations, will hear of an eligible situation. Enquire of the Printer.

SALT PETRE
For Sale.
Enquire at No. 50, Cherry-street. 85 tf.

FIG BLUE,
Manufactured and Sold, at No. 64, Nassau-Street.